



Faculty of Design

2017

## Kapsula

LeBlanc, Lindsay, Pearl, Zach, England, Sara, Terziyska, Yoli, McFaddan, Kegan, Moffatt, Ken, Calleros, Julian and Hyett, Maxwell

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# KAPSULA

VOL 4. NO. 2

# ANIMA CORPORA











flop	mess	discomfiture	implosion	discomfiture	implosion	implosion	misconduct	fall	lemon	misstep	lemon
ruins	imbecile	waste	jackass	waxing	pile-up	lightweight					
flop	walkover	overpower	implosion	discomfiture	implosion	implosion	lemon	lemon	lemon	lemon	lemon
	faux pas	monstrosity	obstruction	incompetency	disappearance	disappearance	lemon	lemon	lemon	lemon	lemon
impediment	dumb trick	inadequacy	failure	inadequacy	disappearance	disappearance	lemon	lemon	lemon	lemon	lemon
underestimate	depreciation	disappointment	disappointment	disappointment	disappointment	disappointment	lemon	lemon	lemon	lemon	lemon
household	mend	mess up	misapply	disappointment	disappointment	disappointment	lemon	lemon	lemon	lemon	lemon
derelict	conquest	dive	downgrade	need	discomfiture	downgrade	fall	paucity	fall	qqe	qqe
	despoticness	flop	conk out	implosion	disappointment	disappointment	disappointment	disappointment	disappointment	disappointment	disappointment
chapter 11	wreck	frustration	count	loss	downfall	downfall	inadequacy	disadvantage	neglect	drop	crackup
check	derogate	dilapidation	downfall	count	loss	downfall	dwindling	extermination	neglect	drop	drop
depletion		destitution	disappointment	disappointment	disappointment	disappointment	disadvantage	disadvantage	neglect	drop	drop
mar	goof up	mess	make a mess of	drop	disappointment	disappointment	disadvantage	disadvantage	neglect	drop	drop
generosity	red ink	discomfiture	dilapidation	drop	disappointment	disappointment	disadvantage	disadvantage	neglect	drop	drop
	hindrance	fiasco	letdown	frustration	disappointment	disappointment	disadvantage	disadvantage	neglect	drop	drop
	hash	incompetence	misnomer	disappointment	disappointment	disappointment	disadvantage	disadvantage	neglect	drop	drop
fiasco	exterminate	ill fortune	frustration	liquidate	disappointment	disappointment	disadvantage	disadvantage	neglect	drop	drop
	sit-down	washout	stopping	disappointment	disappointment	disappointment	disadvantage	disadvantage	neglect	drop	drop
relic	innocent	total	disappointment	disappointment	disappointment	disappointment	disadvantage	disadvantage	neglect	drop	drop
fiasco	check	mess-up	frustration	count	disappointment	disappointment	disadvantage	disadvantage	neglect	drop	drop
fiasco	frustration	frustration	frustration	count	disappointment	disappointment	disadvantage	disadvantage	neglect	drop	drop



# ENCAPSULADO

El tiempo y la palabra pueden envolvernos en situaciones y circunstancias de añoro, apego, dificultad y hasta en ocasiones de conflicto. El conflicto creativo y personal son los procesos en los cuales durante la residencia artística, facilitada por Kegan McFadden dio pauta a la creación de trabajo artístico, este a través de la palabra, la imagen y el objeto.

Trabajamos en barro, presentamos nuestro trabajos pasados, platicamos de los actuales, encapsulados en un Mexico rural; aislados de la ciudad y así, inmersos en la creación buscamos las emociones, plasmando nociones.

Anima Casa Rural Artistas en Residencia (ACRAR ) fue una vez más un laboratorio creativo, campestre y holístico, sumando nuestros sueños, opiniones, apegos y así mismo nuestros conflictos creativos.

ACRAR agradece la participación de Kegan McFadden, Maxwell Hyett, Ken Moffat y Ralf Paiva, y por supuesto a la intervención creativa y editorial de Kapsula Magazine.





**JULIÁN CALLEROS** is the Director of ANIMA Casa Rural. His love for the arts and culinary creativity have led him to the creation of many different projects such as Naco Gallery in the city of Toronto, Knaves Kitchen, a guerrilla culinary protect in Mexico and Canada, and, in the past five years, the creation of ANIMA Casa Rural Artist Residency alongside his family and collaborators. Calleros revisits his historical, social, and political interests in all his projects and artwork—not only while painting, tattooing or cooking, but also while interacting and dreaming. He is always considering how we look at food, art, community, and collaboration.

# Triangular Affairs

*...true translation is not a binary affair between two languages but a triangular affair. The third point of the triangle being what lay behind the words of the original text before it was written. True translation demands a return to the pre-verbal.*

This issue is a testament to the difficulty of translation, on more than one account. First, there is the question of experience: as the result of a site-specific residency taking place in Tala, of Jalisco, Mexico, this issue's development began far from our reach. Its contents depict the experiences of those who spent time in Tala, over a two-week period last winter; none of our staff shared in that experience, and yet our task, through this digital document, was to assist the participants in communicating it. (On this note, a strong contender for the epigraph opening this introduction was author Ken Liu's apt claim that "every act of communication is a miracle of translation.") The problematics of translating experience linger in the following pages, as our resident, Kegan McFadden, and his collaborators Maxwell Hyett, Ken Moffatt, and Julian Calleros attempt to depict the conversations and feelings that represent their stay at Anima Casa Rural. What lay behind these words? We can't exactly say.

Then there's the question of language. Most of the issue has been translated into Spanish, apart from this introduction. Our decision to include a separate introduction by Anima Casa Director Julian Calleros, written in Spanish and not translated into English, is intended to speak to the conceptual impossibility of translation and its consistent failure to produce an exact replica of the original. Of course, this limits accessibility (usually one of our publication's priorities); but when it comes

to language, and especially when it comes to translation, access to certain types of textual information is not equivalent to shared meaning. This predicament is explored further, with greater poetic gusto than you'll find here, in contributions by Hyett and Moffatt. They render words in clay and rain, and in these material explorations get lost, perhaps not "in translation," but in the certainly transitional space between meaning and practice.

This is to say that we accept translation as a triangular affair. Conveniently, triangular affairs might also describe the relationships between the three residents—both their personal relationships with each other, which we have limited access to, as well as how their work during the residency, and their separate contributions to this issue, reflect on one another. The closest we get to the experience of being there, in that place of shared meaning, is through McFadden's editorial. The function of the editorial genre is of course to offer a perspective that frames the rest of a publication's contents, and this is true of McFadden's piece, though this is the only way it resembles a traditional editorial. Yet, the sincerity of his approach affords it a nuance that most opinion pieces will never have. Rather than speaking to the issues, the following editorial speaks to something much more of-the-flesh than of-the-times. In it, we catch moments of the soul, but not our own; this issue belongs, rightfully, wholly, and unapologetically, to the three residents, and to their ANIMA.





# Editorial



KEGAN McFADDEN

Arriving in Guadalajara around midnight, the pilot tells our half-empty flight that there is another plane on the runway; we'll have to circle in the air until it moves to make way for us...

I lose track, but I think I saw the moon outside my window come into and go out of view three times before the wheels dropped from their cubbyholes with a familiar clunk, disappearing into the dark air as we descend with a thud onto the tarmac. The moon is somewhere behind me, out of sight, but the lights of the city have yet to show me how bright they shine.

This is nowhere.

...

I navigate the empty airport and see Sebastian waiting for me. We make our way into the white truck and through the spotlight city, down the rough roads and onto the farm; I fall asleep as soon as my head hits the pillow. With the break of day and a tour of the property, it becomes quickly apparent that everywhere at Anima is a studio.

Llegando a Guadalajara, alrededor de la medianoche, el piloto informa a nuestro vuelo a medio llenar que otro avión está ocupando la pista de aterrizaje, por lo que vamos a tener que dar círculos en el aire hasta que lo retiren y haya lugar para nosotros...

Perdí la cuenta, pero creo haber visto la luna a través de mi ventanilla entrar y salir de mi campo visual unas tres veces antes de que las ruedas del avión descendieran desde sus nichos con su sonido característico, para desaparecer en la oscuridad del cielo en tanto nosotros tocamos el suelo con un apagado impacto sobre la pista. La luna está en algún lugar a mis espaldas, fuera de mi vista, pero las luces de la ciudad todavía no me han dejado ver qué tanto resplandecen.

Esto es ninguna parte.

...

Recorro el aeropuerto vacío y veo a Sebastián, que espera por mí. Nos encaminamos hacia la furgoneta blanca y nos abrimos paso en la ciudad tan precisamente iluminada,





Ralf and Maria spent the afternoon cutting up stained glass and skinning rabbits, his Portuguese and her Spanish mingling into the warm air shaded by the terracotta canopy next to the pink Bougainvillea. Their words meet somewhere above the mangled mass of white sinew and muscle, while they do their best not to gauge or pierce the hide with their tiny blue-handled knives. Everything is delicate, everything is explored.

After they massage the last bits of tendons and remaining sinew away from the surface, the two hides are stretched and nailed to a board and left to dry for days. They resemble two countries, addressing one another in their make-shift cartography. When Ralf leaves the following day, Maria hands him a soft, tanned rabbit fur as a parting gift.

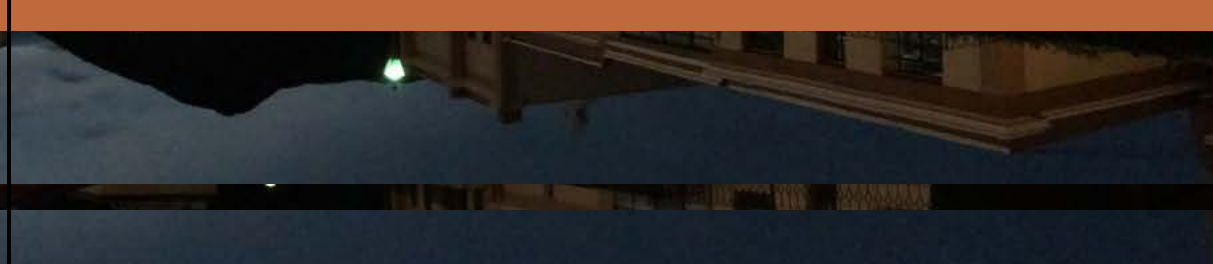
...

Yesterday would've been Kurt Cobain's fiftieth birthday.

I took my mid-thirties self for a walk and wound up somewhere in my mid-teens. I'm still trying to understand the road from there to here.

I walked and walked in a strange town, not knowing if I'd get lost in the dust—something I loved to do twenty years ago.

The lyrics of *In Utero* filled my head.



atravesando carreteras rústicas que nos llevan hasta la granja: caigo dormido tan pronto como mi cabeza entra en contacto con la almohada. Con el romper del día y el recorrido de bienvenida por la propiedad, comprendo rápidamente que todo rincón de Anima es un taller.

...

Ralf y María pasaron la tarde cortando vidrio teñido y desollando conejos. El portugués de él y el castellano de ella se funden en la atmósfera cálida bajo la sombra del dosel de terracota, junto a la buganvilla rosa. Sus palabras se cruzan en algún punto por encima de la masa enrevesada de nervios blancos y músculos, mientras ellos hacen lo mejor que pueden para no arruinar la piel con sus pequeños cuchillos de empuñadura azul. Todo es delicado, todo es explorado.

Después de limpiar los últimos rastros de tendones y nervios de la superficie, las dos pieles son tensadas y clavadas en una tabla de madera, para que sequen durante días. Tienen el aspecto de dos países, conversando en su improvisada cartografía. Cuando Ralf se marcha, al día siguiente, María le entrega una piel de conejo curtida y suave como regalo de despedida.

...

Ayer habría sido el quincuagésimo cumpleaños de Kurt Cobain.







Where everywhere is a studio, and everything is full of possibility, I sometimes like to defer to the latent memories of a place—what has been here before. I listen to a story by Gabriel Garcia Marquez in which a poor schlub surfaces along some shoreline in some body of water and he is pulled onto the dock by fisherman. The villagers clean up this giant of a man, and as the detritus from the sea is peeled away from him, the women start to notice he is the most beautiful man they have ever seen. The name for such a beauty, they figure, could only be Esteban.

...

Friday night in the studio, with a bottle of tequila, we talk about everything from love to theory, from rhizomes to rancheros.

Tucked behind the tomato processing plant, amid the valley where deer once roamed and ran from coyotes, when there were many more hills and even mountains before the value of sand outweighed the price of a view, lays Anima Casa Rural.

The semi-trailers move the tiny tomatoes all day and all night long so that the bright fruit can make their ripe ways to dinner tables throughout North America.

...

There is a banana tree outside my bathroom window. As I shower I can just make out the blue sky behind the green palms. A pineapple grows in the yard; eggplant, too. In the night, a possum takes a baby bunny whose eyes have yet to open, and by the following afternoon, the hole in the fence has been mended.

Saqué a caminar a mis mediados treinta y terminé en algún lugar en medio de mi adolescencia. Sigo tratando de entender la trayectoria desde allá hasta acá.

Caminé y caminé por una población extraña, sin saber si me perdería entre la polvareda – algo que me encantaba hacer hace veinte años.

Las letras de *In Utero* retumban en mi cabeza.

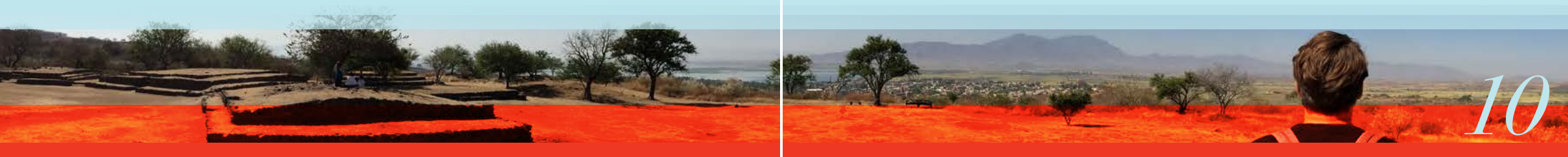
...

En un lugar que es un taller en todas partes, y donde todo está preñado de posibilidades, a veces me gusta abstraerme en las memorias latentes del sitio— lo que ha estado aquí anteriormente. Escucho un cuento de Gabriel García Márquez en el que un pobre tonto es devuelto por algún cuerpo de agua en una línea costera y es recuperado por un pescador que lo arrastra sobre el muelle. Los lugareños lavan a este hombre descomunal, y a medida que los detritos del mar le son removidos, las mujeres se percatan de que se trata del hombre más hermoso que jamás han visto. El nombre para un hombre de tal belleza, deciden ellas, solamente podía ser Esteban.

...

Es viernes por la noche en el taller y, con una botella de tequila, hablamos de todo; desde el amor hasta la teoría, desde rizomas hasta rancheros.

Escondida detrás de una planta procesadora de tomates, en medio de un valle en el que una vez moraron los ciervos, huyendo de los coyotes, cuando había muchas más colinas e incluso montañas, antes de que el valor de la arena superara el precio de una buena vista, se







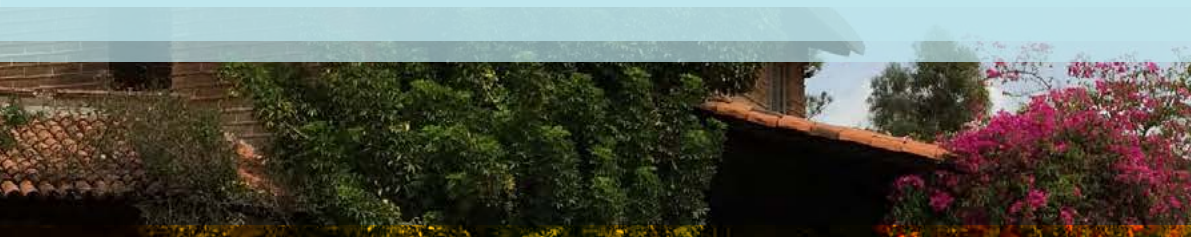
Sebastian chooses a chicken for dinner. He puts his palms around the bird, cradling her to his chest as they leave the coop. A knife on his belt glints in the midday sun. He brings her to a shaded spot under a nearby tree, like just another Casanova on just another date—calculated, with all the right moves. He holds the bird and whispers his thanks, and then slits her throat and strings her up to bleed out into a bucket. The dogs have to be tied up during this dance, so as not to disrupt the delicate maneuvers involved, and to ensure there will, after all, be something for us to eat tonight.

...

There are nightly burns that compete with the sunset (if such a thing is even possible). The local farmers burn the sugar cane in order to harvest the crop. Thin black plumes wrap themselves into the night breeze and get mixed up in our sight-lines from the rooftop terrace.

...

Julian has a lover in Canada.



encuentra Anima Casa Rural.

Los camiones de remolque transportan los pequeños tomates todo el día y toda la noche para que la brillante fruta pueda llegar a las mesas de comedor de toda América del Norte.

...

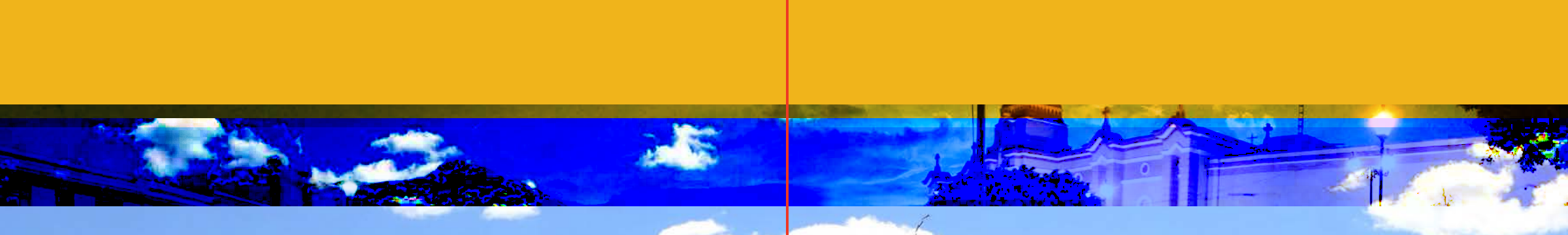
Hay un banano que es visible desde la ventana de mi baño. Mientras me ducho, solo alcanzo a atisbar el cielo azul al fondo de las palmas verdes. Una piña crece en el patio, también una berenjena. En la noche, una zarigüeya atrapa a un conejito recién nacido que aún ni abría los ojos, y para la siguiente tarde, el agujero en la cerca ya está reparado.

...

Sebastián escoge un pollo para la cena. Rodea al ave con las palmas de sus manos, acurrucándola contra su pecho al salir del gallinero. Un cuchillo en su cinto centellea con el sol de mediodía. Lleva al animal a un lugar sombreado bajo un árbol cercano, como Casanova en otra de sus citas—calculador, preciso en sus movimientos. Sostiene al ave y le susurra las gracias, justo antes de degollarla y dejar escurrir su sangre en un balde. Los perros tienen que mantenerse atados durante esta danza, para evitar que interrumpan las delicadas maniobras en curso, y para asegurar que, después de todo, quede algo que comer para nosotros esta noche.







The menagerie at Casa Anima includes: two cats, as many dogs, numerous chickens, roosters, turkeys, fish, sheep, a single goat, some cows, a donkey I never saw and only heard.

...

It's too hot for pants most of the day.

...

We go for runs in the morning, and lounge by the pool in the afternoon—sharing the water with three large coy fish. The three beautiful and thoughtful meals provided throughout the day remind us there is a schedule, and that maybe work should get done. I make notes to transcribe later.

Hay incendios nocturnos que compiten con el sol naciente (si tal cosa fuera posible). Los agricultores locales queman la caña de azúcar como método para cosechar el cultivo. Delgadas humaredas negras ascienden en tirabuzones en medio de la brisa nocturna, e invaden, disueltas, nuestros campos visuales desde la terraza.

...

Julian tiene un amante en Canadá.

...

La colección de animales domésticos de Casa Anima incluye: dos gatos, dos perros, un número indeterminado de pollos, gallos, pavos, peces, ovejas, una sola cabra, algunas vacas, y un burro al que nunca vi y solamente escuché.

...

La mayor parte del día hace demasiado calor como para usar pantalones.

...

Salimos a correr en la mañana, y nos metemos juntos a la piscina en la tarde – compartimos el agua con tres grandes peces koi. Las tres bellas y generosas comidas ofrecidas a lo largo del día nos recuerdan que existe un horario, y que quizás se debería adelantar algo de trabajo. Tomo notas para transcribirlas más tarde.





this morning i  
read octavio paz:

“My hands  
Open the curtains of your being  
clothe you in a further nudity  
uncover the bodies of your body  
My hands  
invent another body for your body”

sitting for julian  
letting words fall  
while his pencil  
captures my likeness  
trying to not  
move too much

a goat wanders  
into the studio  
but we persist  
tequila then lunch

esta mañana  
leí a octavio paz:

“Mis manos  
abren las cortinas de tu ser  
te visten con otra desnudez  
descubren los cuerpos de tu cuerpo  
Mis manos  
inventan otro cuerpo a tu cuerpo”

posando para julian  
dejo las palabras ir cayendo  
mientras su lápiz  
aprehende mi apariencia  
y trato  
de no moverme demasiado

una cabra irrumpe  
errática en el taller  
pero persistimos  
tequila, luego almorzar



**KEGAN McFADDEN** is a writer, curator, and artist living on Vancouver Island. His recent projects—in print and exhibition form—explore intersecting histories, living memory, and the potential inherent in ambiguities. He co-edited [The Poetics of Queer](#), a special issue of CV2 (The Canadian Journal of Poetry and Critical Writing, 2015) and is the founding editor of [As We Try & Sleep Press](#), an imprint that explores the overlap between the literary and visual arts. Kegan is on the advisory panel for the artist book library, [Also As Well Too](#) (Winnipeg), and has his work archived with the [Centre for Contemporary Canadian Art](#).



Words, a series of fancy shapes. It's funny: I started this work because I didn't understand what I was reading—it was evidence of a flailing, a visualization of discontented misunderstanding. It's still a flail, but now it's more choreographed.

I think I was testing the viscosity of different presentations (if you'll excuse the verbosity). How does tweaking the way text is presented change the information absorbed from it? How does meaning flow differently between words that are stacked side by side versus words layered on top of and behind one another? This might sound inane, but I'm curious about how a list of synonyms will affect you if you read them in a grid, or read them in a metaphorical story, or a theoretical treatise, or when you see only their collective silhouette.

Then again, they all mean the same thing to me—nonsense.

– MAXWELL HYETT







involvement	complexity	net	industry	involvement	mix-up	tangle	see		
shut	skein	deception	clutter	arrest	complication	enticement	complication	check	on
juke	disarray	maze	bunch	mistake	mayhem	net	connection	shambles	oil
take	machination			clutter	artifice			derangement	
conflict	mess	dilemma	confusion	fight	unease	hardship	embarrassment	rel	
turbulence	elaboration	net	federation	abashment	involvement	snare	league	befuddlement	
infixer	squabble	cobweb	project	in	argument	confusion	subject	pace	
liaison	entanglement	contact	employment	complexity	altercation	hookup	proceeding	difficulty	
company	gossamer	intricacy	disorientation	guild	network	entanglementn	turmoil	organization	
complication	confusion	argument	liaison	frustration	mistake	dispute	complexity	hazard	
confusion	complication	embarrassment	mishmash	plot	chaos				
tangle	jungle	clutter	chaos	coil	morass	jumble	mess	contortion	
awkwardness	bait	labyrinth	gridlock	complexity	decoy	snarl	abeyance	confusion	
application	bait	network	embroilment	labor	pitfall	entanglement	mesh	occupation	
embroilment	mesh			snare					







come-on	dragnet	mat	rummage	immobilization	booby trap	quicksand	disarray	downtime	mix-up	deception	lacework
snare	tracery	disorganization	disorganization	ligament	tangle	fix	garbage	joint	dirtiness	trick	trick
dodge	game	hash	mess	arduousness	discomposure	knot	struggle	destitution	dither	band	fluster
dispute	involvement	circumstance	intrigue	avocation	embroidment	jumble	affiliation	intrigue	avocation	embroilment	assignment
city	disconcertion	awkwardness	jumble	discomfiture	discomfiture	trouble	alliance	involvement	disorder	disorder	discomfiture
mat	frame-up	bunch	disorder	disorder	disorder	disorder	disorder	disorder	disorder	disorder	disorder
botch	discomb	toils	ligature	compound	snarl	kink	disorder	deduction	temptation	conspiracy	labyrinth
interlacing	decoy	wire	emergency	mesh	down	conspiracy	labyrinth	decoy	labyrinth	conspiracy	labyrinth



[illegible]



standstill	monstrosity	ruse	snarl	involvement	walkout	sight	splice	mess	plait	lasso
		muddle			salmagundi		trickery			
toil		mortification	fix		web		pinch	hitch		
stew			confederacy		abashing			congress		
job		knock-down-drag-out	tie-up		obligation			trap		
episode	tangle	falling-out		happening		toil	soap opera		mission	
turbation	combo			puzzlement		confederation			tumult	
snare	exigency	inhibition		tie-up		hindrance	pickle		trap	
mess		plan		mixture			stratagem		potpourri	
	snag		mishmash			spiral		salmagundi		
struction	intricacy			sit-down		jumble			stopping	
		intrigue	morass				lure	reticulation		



maneuver

snarl

plot

texture

mix-up

perplexity

tie

untidiness

twist

wile

scramble

snarl

impassé

plight

enmeshment

labor

predicament

crew

adding

family

blurring

web

occupation

ensnarement

profession

realm

occurrence

enmeshment

province

stranging

fellowship

cluttering

crowd

befuddling

laboriousness

puzzle

knot

poverty

ensarement

oblio

tumble

little game

shuffle

warp

twirl

every which way

predicament

muss

prank

tissue

noose

tangle



[illegible]



temptation

webbing

inveiglement

wicker

rat's nest

trouble

quagmire

perplexity

strait

snag

s

sodality

embroiling

pool

dumbfounding

office function

perplexing

ring

mixup  
mystification

outfit

pickle

tangle

paradox

stew

mess and a half

tangle

seducement

woof

wile

weft



faux pas

stew

boo boo

quandary

uneasiness

upsetting

tie-in

tangling

sorority

tie-up

## stirring up

syndicate

obscuring

Strain

egg on face

awkward  
situation

Scrape

ity

deep water

tribulation

hot water

strait

zoo

troops

rat pack

unsettling

troupe

dead end

strenuousness

hot seat

impecuniosity



hot water

stumbling block



**MAXWELL HYETT** is a theorist and interdisciplinary artist. His artistic work explores issues of meaning, simultaneity, and the relationship between language and reality. While his academic work plays along the same lines as his artistic production, it focuses on the relationship between truth and doubt in post-truth culture. These issues emerge in writing and image primarily as a concern with information and its reception: how is information/meaning/truth made; where do we keep it; how do we retrieve it; and how does it translate through these processes of creation, recognition, and storage?



Te para la tos y gripa  
( Ca Turro )

- 1 Litro de agua
- 10 hojas eucalipto Limon
- 20 Flores buganbillas de color
- 1 Rama gorro de lobo
- 1 Raza de concha no muy gde

Se pone a hervir el agua  
al estar hi-viendo sola  
pone las hierbas a guede  
un hervor y apagar tomar  
Como ~~de~~ durante el día Caliente





# Technique, Connection, and Anima in counterpoint

## The field

Technique and connection are troubling, troublesome concepts.

Technique values most highly those matters and processes that are efficient in delivery and reductive in expression. Our love affair with technique is instantly gratifying; it allows for rapid communication, fast relationships, quick answers. Technique has no emotional expression, but only flashpoints that demand immediate, unforgiving response.

Connection is presently mediated through technology. While mediated connection feels intimate, it constantly demands performance and exposure; while mediated connection feels private, it is under constant surveillance. While mediated connection feels immediate it is always defined though the frame of technique.

Technique and technology together act as an ontology that floats beyond space and place and is defined by a belief in efficiency and management. Capitalism cannot rest until it

## El campo

Técnica y conexión son conceptos problemáticos.

La técnica da el más alto valor a aquellas materias y procesos que son eficientes en su desempeño y reductivas en su expresión. Nuestro romance con la técnica es instantáneamente gratificante, permite una comunicación y unas relaciones rápidas, de respuestas inmediatas. La técnica no tiene expresión emocional, solo estadios críticos que demandan una respuesta inmediata y sin miramientos.

La conexión está mediada en la actualidad por la tecnología. A pesar de que la conexión mediada se siente íntima, constantemente demanda ejecución y exposición; a pesar de que la conexión mediada se siente privada, está sometida a una vigilancia constante. A pesar de que la conexión mediada se siente inmediata, siempre está definida por el marco de referencia de la técnica.

La técnica y la tecnología juntas actúan como una ontología que flota más allá del espacio y el lugar, y está definida por la creencia en



absorbs craft, infiltrating every domain that is not yet available for profit. Our barons are technologists. And the capital for technologists is data: the extraction of minute detail about, and the micro analysis of, our behaviours, ideas, movements, beliefs, and sexualities. Data about our bodies and brains are the new primary resource industry.

I learned that when you bake donkey shit with clay in a kiln the result is a jet-black clay object. I learned that donkey shit is dry and clean when picked from a semi-arid field under a burning sun. I learned that when you are in the field you need to attend to the curious donkeys— interested, but not domestic. I learned about differing types of micro interventions. Swat at a fly, pick a perfectly-dried brick from the field. Stare a donkey in the face.

In this case, technique is rescued as craft and becomes precise, peculiar, and queered.

la eficiencia y en la dirección. El capitalismo no puede estar tranquilo hasta que no absorba lo artesanal, infiltrándose en cada dominio aún no dispuesto para el lucro. Nuestros barones son tecnócratas. Y el capital de los tecnócratas es la data: la extracción del más mínimo detalle sobre, y el microanálisis de, nuestras conductas, ideas, movimientos, creencias y sexualidades. La data sobre nuestros cuerpos y cerebros es la nueva materia prima de la industria.

Aprendí que cuando homeas mierda de burro en un horno para cerámica, el resultado es una arcilla muy negra. Aprendí que la mierda de burro es seca y limpia cuando la recoges en un campo semiárido bajo un sol inclemente. Aprendí que cuando estás en el campo debes estar atento a los burros curiosos—están interesados, pero no domesticados. Aprendí sobre diferentes tipos de microintervenciones. Aplastar a una mosca, levantar un ladrillo perfectamente seco en el campo. Mirar a burro a la cara.

En este caso, la técnica es rescatada como artesanía, y se vuelve precisa, peculiar y extrañada.





## The studio

While forming the clay we talk through a divider. We cannot see each other. He paints. We both know the music. It feels like late night, but is it? As we talk about the cold place where we first met, we correct impressions of each other from another time. No, I was not so connected then. No, he was not so connected then, but struggled for it (and if I remember correctly, gained it). Now we are glad to make this correction/connection, through words floating in this studio, beside the kiln, beside the donkey's field. I can smell the goats in the stable next door. Water splashed in clay, clay cut with a knife. Specific, unmediated, gentle words in a floating time. Efficiency and connection are queered.

These clay words—Technique, Connection, and Anima—are not reductive, not fast, and the resulting form is not sublime, not perfect in form and aesthetic. They have not been corrected by technologies that operate beyond this place.

## El estudio

Mientras doy forma a la arcilla, hablamos a través de una mampara. No podemos vernos entre nosotros. Él pinta. Los dos sabemos cómo es. Se siente como si fuera entrada la noche, ¿pero es así? En tanto hablamos sobre el frío lugar en el que nos conocimos, corregimos impresiones mutuas de otros tiempos. No, yo no estaba tan conectado entonces. No, él no estaba tan conectado entonces, pero luchaba por estarlo (y si recuerdo correctamente, lo logró). Ahora nos alegramos de poder hacer esta corrección/conexión, por medio de las palabras que flotan en este estudio, junto al horno, junto al campo con los burros. Puedo oler a las cabras en el establo vecino. Agua salpicando en la arcilla, arcilla cortada con un cuchillo. Específicas, no mediadas, amables palabras en un tiempo flotante. Eficiencia y conexión están extrañadas.

Estas palabras de arcilla —técnica, conexión y Anima— no son reductivas, ni rápidas, y la forma resultante de ellas no es sublime, ni perfecta, ni estética. No han sido corregidas por tecnologías que operen fuera de este lugar.



## The kiln

After dark, while the fire glows, a truck moves across the horizon. It seems bright, brash, and loud in this quiet, dark space. Headlights reveal the vast and ancient land. As the truck turns up the drive, its machinery feels oddly violent. I suppress fear and exhilaration. The truck arrives and men in space suits walk across the yard. They are headed to the bee hives that had been set up earlier in the day. They are there to do their special alchemy.

There two types of alchemy going on here: the hives, and the kiln. Both are in the dark.

Something explodes in the kiln (a different type of flashpoint); it is the gourd we mistakenly tried to bake covered in clay.

Anima recalls my own time in a northern countryside, something about jumping in a river and screaming after dark. Smelling the pigs in a barn, after dark. I imagine unmediated connection with my educator in clay, with those strangers who are experts in bee lore, to my close ones in the cold place. Crackling.

Anima is dark, anima is unknowable, anima is alive to the sensate.

Anima is specific to this place and time.

## El horno

Después de caer la noche, mientras el fuego resplandece, una furgoneta se mueve a lo largo del horizonte. Parece brillar, temeraria y ensordecedora en este espacio tan silencioso y oscuro. Sus luces frontales exponen la tierra vasta y vetusta. A medida que aumentan las revoluciones del motor de la furgoneta, su maquinaria se siente extrañamente violenta. Suprimo el temor y el regocijo. La furgoneta llega a su destino y unos hombres vistiendo trajes espaciales caminan a través del terreno. Se dirigen a las colmenas que habían preparado más temprano. Están ahí para practicar su alquimia particular.

Hay dos tipos de alquimia en proceso aquí: las colmenas y el horno. Ambas, en las tinieblas.

Algo estalla en el horno (un tipo distinto de punto de inflamación) es la calabaza que erradamente intentamos hornear cubierta de arcilla.

Anima me hace evocar mis días en una campiña del norte, algo sobre zambullirme en un río y gritar después de caída la noche. El perfume de los cerdos en el granero, después de caída la noche. Imagino una comunicación no mediada con mi maestro de la arcilla, con aquellos desconocidos expertos en las costumbres de las abejas, con mis allegados en el lugar frío. Crepitar.

Anima es oscuridad, anima es incognoscible, anima está viva para quien es sensato.

Anima es específica a este lugar y tiempo.



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defeat	defeat	deterioration	deterioration	deterioration	loss	loss	loss
botch	drubbing	deterioration	nine days' wonder	break	failure	loss	colossal blunder
boob	trip	hulk	buffoon	ruin	clown		
embarrassment	shutdown	check	cleavage	shutout	crack	whipping	check
adversity	oust	deterioration	interruption	casualty	misadventure	catastrophe	put an end to
imperfection	mayhem	flop	ineffectiveness		disadvantage	ineptitude	wreckage
embarrassment	deterioration	blocking	bomb	farce	loss	bummer	loser
frustrate	undoing	dues	disrepair	outwit	bane	insufficiency	impairment
projectile		mishandle	miscalculate	torpedo	mun	edgewise	charge
scanty		miscue	defeat	shy	stumble	reassip	deficient
fall	downturn	frailty	drubbing	dump	worsening	insufficiency	failure
defeat	disruption	basket case	defalcation	deterioration	cataclysm	snouner	exhaustion
debacle	deficiency	loss	neurosis	disintegration	failing	desstitution	crackup
devaluation	recession	destruction	flaw	dislocation	weakening	embarrassment	glitch
termination	short	debt	lapse		wanting	destruction	slipup
front	rocket	fumble	miscalculate		bombshell	mishandle	mismanage
destruction	gain	disintegration	deficiency	overthrow	stop	extinction	inadequacy
decline	failure	washout	resentment	deficiency	flap	lemon	blow
debris	incapacity		failure	jumble	inefficiency		has-been
depose	calamity	error	deficiency	eradicate	catalysm	malfunction	failing
interruption	romp	burst	arrest	lockout	thrashing	cleft	draw
misstep	bore	erosion	devastation	stumble	clod	mess	tumble
collapse	breach	misfire	defeat	destruction	bungle	wet squib	failing
	deficiency	deficiency			failing	failing	embarrassment
					failing		miststep







rebuff	overthrow	solecism	mitwit	reverse	rupture	rupture	rupture	scalping	stoppage	miel
upend	rout			bring down	stalemate			do away with	turkey	
rout		unfitness		stalemate		skimpiness		turkey		
the skids	putrefaction				putridity				rotting	
	wreck				goof up				louse up	
	impairment				misshap				perdition	
ruin	insufficiency	rebuff	pratfall	vitiation	reverse	senility		decaying	scalping	ne
			overthrow			rupture				age
nonperformance				rout				stalemate		
lapse	padding	inability to hack it	rotting	relapse	repulse	spoiling		skids	ruin	crum
	hurt				misadventure				need	
	stumble				fall down				gunn up	
	perishing		road to ruin		putrescence				putridness	
		unfulfillment	overthrow			rupture				stop
scantiness				unsuitableness				underage		
	overthrow		tumble		rupture	upset			stoppage	bring
nimny				numskull				sap		
social blunder	nonperformance	padding		transgression	rout	repulse			stalemate	re
nonperformance	nonperformance			rout				stalemate		



lojps

washout

dejs esraj

false step

worsening

slaughter

dearj

dejs esraj

gunmmun

red eaj in

upcs

retardation

stoooge

miscompute

ruination

sed xraj

balloon

wreck

sed xraj

lead balloon

wreck

knock over

ecouacseas

dn yonnu

simple

ecujucas

washout

slaughter

dearj

spjps eaj no

lojps

washout

washout

dejs esraj

turkey

wreck

faux pas

ing

warning

shellacking

degringolade

falling off

subjugation

trashin

privation

ruin

shrinka

mess up

misconjecture

pull a b

ruin

rust

spoilag

age

washout

false step

ruin

washout

knock down

false step

silly

simpleton

sucker

turkey

shellacking

wreck

subjugation

turkey

turkey

wreck

wreck

faux pas

faux p

flash in the pan

flash

dump ox

twit

tomfool

whipping

waxing

sinking ship

nonsuccess

nonsuccess

lead

sinking ship

sinking ship

withering

spoilation

waste

undoing

squandering

whipping

waxing

trimming

total loss

nonsuccess

flash in the pan

sinking ship

lead balloon

whaling

trouncing

want

trial

mer

wasting away

wasting

total loss

nonsuccess

flash in the pan

total loss

nonsuccess

flash in the pan

victim

twerp

total loss

trouncing

nonsuccess

trashing

faux pas

sinking ship

total loss

lead balloon

lead balloon

as



easy mark

whitewashing

halfwit

downthrow

mooncalf

whitewashing  
wreckage

downthrow  
losing

nonsuccess  
misplacing

defeatance  
bad luck

insuccess  
mislaying

fair game

lamebrain

defeatance

insuccess

ment

varquishment

varquis

sothead







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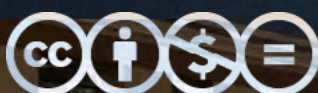
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